9141
-S8

STORY

OF THE

OLD MARINE!

BY

COLONEL KINGSMILL.

"MISERIS SUCCURRERE DISCO."

GUELPH:
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9141
.S8

DEDICATION.

To MRS. HOWLAND,

DEAR MADAM,

To you, the first lady who visited the "Old Marine," and relieved him from his "poverty, hunger and dirt," I have the honor, by permission, to dedicate this humble tribute of my pen. If it has no other merit, one at least will be found in the fact that it emanates from an anxious desire to promote Christian charity, throughout this, our New Dominion.

I remain, dear Madam,

Your obedient and obliged servant,

THE AUTHOR.

9141
.S8

PREFACE.

CÆSAR'S despatch after defeating Pharnaces was "*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*" NAPIER'S after the conquest of Scinde, "*Peccavi.*" Sir JOHN COLBORNE'S when he reached the "Falls" during the Rebellion of 1838, "*Here I am with the 43rd.*" I adopt for my address the sententious language of a greater than either, "*Neither a borrower nor a lender be.*" But oh! dear reader, be thou a *purchaser* of this *brochure*, the profits of which will be devoted to the "Boy's Home," and the "Newsboy's Asylum."

The boys from their "Home," the newsboys from their Asylum whisper, nay cry, "Charity!"—"The greatest of these is Charity."

To the tender mercies of a generous public, prompt to aid, when properly appealed to, I entrust this affecting tale; anxiously hoping that in the first place it may be suggestive of the sin of selfishness, and in the next of that commisseration which is due to the suffering poor; they are "always with you," and we cannot neglect or despise them without incurring the fearful reproach "I was an hungered and you gave me no meat, I was thirsty and you gave me no drink."

The price is that of the rail-road books, in order that it may go off with rail-road speed!

REMEMBER THE BOYS!

9141
+S8

INTRODUCTION.

The best introduction to this *brochure* will be found in the following extract from the Toronto *Morning Telegraph* of the 2d January, 1869.

A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

"In company with a friend, the writer of this paid a New Year's visit, yesterday, to a survivor of the Nile and Trafalgar, who will complete his *one hundred and seventh* year, if he should get through the cold season, on the 20th of March next. The veteran, who still retains wonderful possession of his faculties, is not exactly in a position to receive many visitors. His house—the better half of which is underground—the elevated section being framed of loose boards with no incumbrance of lath and plaster—is about ten feet square, and is remarkable chiefly for the perfection of its ventilation. It is well situated about three miles from the St. Lawrence Hall, and near to the ravine which runs parallel to Yonge street on the east side of that great thoroughfare. The furniture of the dwelling consists of a broken stove, two chairs, and two benches or cots, on one of which the old man makes his bed; the other being reserved for his daughter and her two children. The commissariat of the establishment, we must say, is but indifferently supplied. It consisted at the time of our visit of one whole pancake, and the half of another; a chunk of the saltest imaginable pork, about half a pound in weight; nearly an ounce of green tea or something resembling it, and about two table spoonfuls of brown or rather black sugar; altogether a very frugal supply for a hero who was fighting by the side of Nelson, before one in a hundred of us was born. Some of our readers who fare sumptuously every-day, might possibly be able to supplement the old man's winter stock. He gets a daily supply of milk through the kindness of Judge Morrison. And if we add that his name is Cordingley, and that his place of abode is easily reached by Yonge Street; a quarter of an hour or so from Yorkville being sufficient for the journey—we shall have possibly said enough to interest some good people in the subject of our notice.

CONTENTS:

PATRIOTISM,—PIETY,—HERESY.

9141
.S8

THE OLD MARINE.

Here is an episode of thrilling pain,
On Charity's sweet face a hideous stain.
Could the great limner* both of things and men
Peep at this patriot in his wretched den,
Struggling with poverty and loathsome dirt,
Without a blanket and without a shirt,
Another story he would quickly write,
Condeming selfishness with all his might.
Oh! shades of Nelson, and his great compeer,
Who held that "duty" was the one thing dear,
Could you but view this classic piece of ground,
Where the old hero of the Nile was found,
Your angry spirits would at once exclaim:—
"Where are the guardians of our England's fame,
And where, the offspring of our sires of old,
Who held their honour dearer than their gold?"
Nelson would holloa "duty" in our ears,
The "Iron Duke" would almost yield to tears.
Oh! what in England would they say to this?
Soldiers would call it a decided "*miss.*"

The New Dominion has its name to make,
Her future interests are all at stake,
The great Republic—rivals in the race,
The prize, bright glory, with abounding grace.
Then on this proverb let us take our stand
"The righteous only can exalt a land."
Each has his part responsibly to act,
Which is a beautiful, tho' serious fact.
Let us resolve upon *His* name to call,
The good, the great ensample to us all;
The whole philosophy of life—of men,
Was taught by Him who would have "spared for ten."
His words are simple and His voice sublime,
Announcing glory at a future time:
His thoughts on charity, all Christians know,
Meant to refresh us in this vale of woe.

*Mr. C. Dickens.

We enter now upon another year
Full of kind feelings, and abundant cheer,
Think then ye rich of Lazarus at your gate,
Assist the poor, it may be soon too late;
The "poor are always with you," while their cry
Too oft appeals to those who pass them by;
He who seeks treasure and forgets his God,
May one day tremble at his angry nod.

I ask all classes to find out that place,
And see this relic of a naval race,
The man that "braved the battle and the breeze,"
And sailed with Nelson on victorious seas:
Him that did duty on Trafalgar's day,
Cast on a common like a weed, away,
Half buried in a hut beneath the sod,
A Christian hero waiting on his God.*
The north wind whistling thro' a shattered door,
While from the stove whisk sparks along the floor;
His daughter, anxious for her aged sire,
Is cooking something by a scanty fire,
To kindle which, she braves the wintry breeze,
Gathering scant brambles and the bark of trees;
Her child, deprived of sustenance, and cold,
Her pallid cheeks a sorry tale unfold.
A dark and murky room with fetid air,
Suggests the thought, can slumber enter there?
Yes! "the rude seaboy on the giddy mast"
With God his guardian—falls asleep at last.
And thus we see the merciful "I Am"
"Tempering the wind unto the shorn lamb."

Enough, enough, our country must awake,
And for our honour—yes, for mercy's sake,
Build up a residence—a fitting place—
To lodge his form and shield his aged face.
Let us remember, in this world's hard strife,
Devoted to the grinding cares of life,
Wherever chivalry has passed away,
All history points to "ruin and decay."
The love of gold and of commercial gain,

* The old man showed Mrs. Howland a large bible presented to him, many years previously by a lady, which he appeared to value highly.

9141
S8

Has left on nations its unholy stain.
The site of Carthage scarcely can be found,
Both Tyre and Sidon level with the ground;
And where is Nineveh with massive walls?
And where proud Babylon with spacious halls?
Athens, the seat of learning passed away,
And Rome to luxury a wretched prey.
Where now those sinful marts upheld by greed,
Plutus presiding over every deed?
With such examples patent as the sun,
'Tis well to ask, "how shall *our* race be run?"
Let the wise men who regulate the state,
Prepare this nation for a better fate.
A recent lecture by a reverend man,*
Who has the right our frailties to scan,
Speaks of those sins which we must oft recall,
But notes dire *selfishness* the worst of all.
Look down the vista of our future years,
How full of hopes, anxieties and fears,—

But while these lines in thoughtful mood I write,
Our noble Viceroy is announced in sight,
His prestige good—experience at his side,
The ship in safety he is sure to guide.
The "Empire City" musters all her power,
With pomp and pageantry to grace the hour.
The "Merchant Princes" of that wealthy mart,
Spare no expense of ornament or art.
The French and English make one common cause,
Honoring the Queen, her virtue, and her laws.
Armed with fresh power, due honors he will give
To men who *work*, and for their country *live*;
Men who have borne the burden of the day,
Full of their duty without vain display.
If earnest laborers exalt a land,
To such our Viceroy will extend his hand.

There is a sentiment worth serious thought,
Not always quite considered, as it ought,
"That man who manages two blades to show,
Where only one before was known to grow,

* The Rev. Canon Baldwin of Montreal.

Has for his country done a greater deed
Than the proud victor on his prancing steed."
On this great principle we take our stand,
And use it to our good throughout the land;
If men who cultivate the moral field
Can skilfully produce a double yield,
To them the State in gratitude is bound,
For mines of wealth evoked from sacred ground.

The press, the pulpit, and the people say
That vice among the young asserts its sway,
The cause is evident—those creatures run
Wild—from the rising to the setting sun.
By this neglect the idle wind we sow,
And reap the whirlwind with its deadly blow.
To meet this evil must our course be planned,
Else the great plague will desolate the land.
Some grand, unselfish effort must be made,
On these poor homeless ones to make a raid;
They must be brought within the law's control,
And not permitted through the streets to stroll;
Soon will their crimes be written on their face;
To us belongs the sin—the foul disgrace.

This great, this lovely city of the West,
Would fain be called "the wisest and the best."
'Tis true, we see on Sabbath, great display,
With preachers pointing out "the narrow way;"
On week days splendid buildings meet the eye,
Demanding praises from the passers by;
But still "a whited sepulchre" is here,
Wanting true evidence of godly fear.

The little children, by divine command,
Are tender objects in a Christian land.
"Suffer the little ones, forbid them not,"
Should swell our hearts and never be forgot;
Let *them* be objects of our thoughtful care,
Else we are "building castles in the air."
Our sin will follow to all future time,
If we neglect a duty so sublime.
Unflinching let us do our work to-day,
And then the "coming men" will gladly say,

9141
S8

"See, the example they have left behind;
True to themselves, and faithful to mankind!"
Let us then seize the plough, and ne'er look back,
Our course is onward, 'tis no devious track.
By law of scripture we are strictly bound
Our talents not to hide beneath the ground.
May then our Viceroy and all ranks unite
To turn dire darkness unto shining light.
Thus our Dominion on a rock will stand,
Not on a basis shifting as the sand.

I've passed the dreaded rubicon of life,
Mid'st war's alarms and many a civil strife,—
On proud Busaco's heights I've spent the night,
Dreaming of victory in the coming fight;
In Torres Vedras lines full many a day,
Anxious for battle and the deadly fray;
The dreary Pyrenees full well I know,
With all their misery of frost and snow;
The vast vicissitudes of war in France,
To my mind's eye appear a grand romance;
On St. Helena's lonely rock I've stood,
And seen Napoleon in his darkest mood.
In my adopted land through many a year,
(Fain would I drop the tribute of a tear,)
I've known men "rise and flourish and decay,"
Who now, I trust, enjoy a brighter day.
In schools and prisons I have spent much time,
Teaching the young,—the old—to flee from crime.
I've counseled soldiers, feeling for their fate,
Whose gratitude is marked by gift of *plate*.
Children have given me that book divine,
Which tells our duties in each sacred line.
As to my trials, legion is their name,
They came in troops when seeking earthly fame.
Here is a lesson for the proud—the brave,—
"The path of glory leads but to the grave."
While "Conscience, which makes cowards of us all,"
Whispers this question, "shall we stand or fall?"
I answer, suffering from the world's deep scars,
"He builds too low who builds beneath the stars."
This line is worthy of the noble mind
That penned "Night Thoughts," to benefit mankind.

All Christian churches to my heart are dear
That propagate the Gospel far and near;
Their great exertions to a common end,
We cannot but admire and much commend.
In the same school we may not all be taught,
But charity is kind, and malice naught.
Imperfect creatures hanging on an hour,
All full of weakness, destitute of power.
To my own mother church I simply say,
In language used by Goldsmith in his day,
"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart untravelled, fondly turns to thee."
No vanity can now direct my pen,
Vexation I have found 'mongst sinful men,
Of the earth, earthy, still I look above,
And dwell with hope upon redeeming love.
Both fear and trembling occupy my mind,
While dwelling thoughtfully on things behind.
Our Saviour's language in the days of yore,
To the poor woman, "Go and sin no more:"
The words once spoken on the accursed tree,
Are words of comfort also unto me.
No strange delusions wrap me in a cloud,
Clear are the scriptures, and they speak aloud.
I cannot fold my arms and win the race,
Till in the realms of light I see His face
Who condescended to let fall a tear,
When Israel wickedly refused to hear.
If we, poor penitents, but read these well,
The faith once given, they are sure to tell;
Warning emphatically to stand aloof
From fallacies that know no bible proof.
If in their purity exists one flaw,
They come, beyond all doubt, within the law;
Midst fleshly sins dire heresy appears,
It calls for penitence with many tears.

The dear old bridge where martyrs fought the fight,
Let us contend for; aye, with all our might,
With grateful feelings let our hearts abound,
It rests on spiritual and holy ground.

9141
S8

Repair where damaged, prop it if required,
But never be it said, "we once retired."
Oh, what a blessed thing is common sense;
'Tis of more value than poor Peter's pence;
These are of copper, those of purer ore
That fills our treasury with more and more.

Methinks I see our army take the field,
That fine old army that will never yield,
With all appliances and means to boot,
And Minnie Rifles that *know how* to shoot.
Then comes amongst them a presumptious seer
Who tells them not to arm—"dispel all fear,"
"Your cause is good and providence is near."
Your drills and practice ground and grand parade,
Are empty trifles, you require no aid;
Your standard and your band with grand display
Are merely baubles—cast them all away.
You have the *spirit* working in your mind,
Go forth and victory you are sure to find.
If those who answer for the nations weal,
Would for a moment let such "*bosh*" prevail,
The prestige of our name not long would stand,
Adieu the safety of our glorious land.
Make every fellow to himself a law,
From the "old colonel" to the "Johnny Raw."
Let every soldier choose *his* way to fight,
Then to all discipline I say "good night!"
The spirit must be kept within control,
Else it may waste, not purify the soul.
Our means external must be brought to play,
Else the result—both ruin and decay.
Water a broken vase will not contain,
The fluid you may pour but pour in vain.
The man to "broken reeds," who dares to trust,
In place of bread will find but fleeting dust.
That book from which pure lessons we should draw,
Where may be found the spirit and the law,
Gives an instructive parable to all,
Pointing to pride and its destructive fall.

Two sinners to the temple went to pray,
(Where we should all repair from day to day,)

The one a Pharisee who boasted much,
In Judah's land there was no other such ;
All duties he performed so very well,
(Their number it is fruitless now to tell,)
Not like the publican, who stood apart,
And smote his breast in penitence of heart ;
One was all right and pleading with his God,
The other doomed to feel the avenging rod.
But which found favor in his Maker's eye ?
Not he who thus his neighbor did decry.

Let us in memory at that sweet vow keep,
No slumber to my eye-lids, and no sleep
Those eyes shall know till I have found a place,
A temple for the Lord in which to trace
The shining beauties of His glorious face.
How oft the church is blamed, when not a few
Despise her warnings,—to themselves untrue.
Laodicean breath, now hot, now cold,
Sends the unstable to some other fold.
The time has now arrived when all must stand
United firmly—a devoted band.

'Twas by example that our Saviour taught,
In words with pity and with mercy fraught ;
'Tis by our loving lives that we must teach,
And strive the hearts of erring men to reach.
The aim of *sin* is to divide the heart,
And keep familiar friends for aye apart,
Whereas, sweet unity like Hermon's dew,
Descends for numbers, not a chosen few.
When once harsh words into our household steal,
Alas, how difficult their wounds to heal.

To those mistaken friends who hand in hand
For one dear proselyte cross sea and land,
Let me one word affectionately say,
Thinking on Him who is the truth, the way :—
Pause and remember, 'tis no holy thing,
If in your zeal you cause dissent to spring ;
When into families you cooly walk,
And gain the young ones by your winning talk ;

9141
.S8

The sword not peace, is present to the mind,
When their dear parents thus are left behind.
Evil we must not do that good may come,
Here is good sense, the substance and the sum.

'Midst the discourses of the present day,
We find to heaven a smooth and easy way ;
No mile stone to divert the pious eye,
Which mentally looks up to things on high,
No earthly trammels, and no idle law,
Where spirits are prepared the soul to draw.
Come then, come all, without a shade of fear,
Your final resting place is surely here.
The talismanic word is "I believe,"
The finished work gives *all* a sure reprieve.

The poor old Millerites forestalled their doom,
And thought in heaven to find more ample room ;
They thought to rush upon the light of day,
But then unluckily they lost their way.
A nine day's wonder left them in the lurch,
Without a homestead and without a church.
'Tis said the *wise ones* of the present day,
No longer worldly and no longer gay,
Intend at once the scripture to fulfil,
And strictly act upon our Father's will.
Young men and old at once will sell their all,
In strict obedience to their Maker's call ;
Their moneys they will send throughout the land,
The poor to help with an unsparing hand.
This lavish outlay we can not commend,
Knowing exactly the disastrous end.
If the poor fanatics should come to this,
And find in poverty abundant bliss,
Their children then become our sacred care,
For they, dear creatures, cannot live on air,
In their behalf I'll seize this inky pen,
A generous public will respond—AMEN.

I well remember, fifty years ago,
Before this foolish head was tinged with snow,

Our troops in France a torrent had to cross,
Beneath a galling fire with heavy loss,
The order came, "Advance, as on parade,
Plant firm your steps, you need no other aid,
Shoulder to shoulder stem the roaring flood,
Thus only can you make the crossing good.
Secure your pouches, elevate on high,
Thus only can you keep your powder dry."
We gained the other side; with one loud shout
We charged—and charging put the foe to route.
The moral of my strain I now must draw,
Cheered by the spirit, who announced the law.
Let union operate with Godly fear,
The church will then remain for ever dear;
Dear to our Christian hearts till that great day
When we put off this monumental clay.

When human acts we cannot well control,
Dare we to meddle with the precious soul,
The searcher of all hearts alone can tell,
Whether to heaven we rise or fall to hell.*
The sin of schism in Corinthians found,
Cannot of faith exactly be the ground;
It's root is *Scin*-do to divide the heart,
And keep familiar friends for aye apart.
If in *our* pious code exists one flaw,
We come within the spirit of the law;
Midst fleshly sins dire heresy appears,
It calls for penitence with many tears.
That Judge in England took a proper view,
He plainly saw that it would never do.
Take from our youth the ministers who rule,
In after life they'll surely play the fool.
If unwise mothers know not to control,
Then clergy must be found to feed the soul.
The law from heaven protects the young,—the old,
Strict in its orders, and in action bold;
May it not yet in Ireland be too late
To learn the value, both of church and state.

* A preacher recently rebuked some of his hearers who were retiring before the sermon was concluded, in those words:—"It is early yet, unless you are hastening to hell!"

One word, my brother laymen, ere we part,
It springs, believe me, from an anxious heart,
We are too apt our ministers to blame,
To us the scandal, and to us the shame.
Their cares are many, and their toils not few,
Let us with tenderness their acts review.
Co-operation is the thing required,
Then of their duties they will ne'er be tired.

POST OBIT.

The aged veteran is now no more,
His spirit's wafted to another shore;
Thro' patient suffering his course he ran,
With all the meekness of a christian man.
His last remains were honored at the grave,
By men distinguished as the bold—the brave.
The "twenty-ninth" stood round the funeral mound,
Their vollies* echoing through the sacred ground.
The mournful music too, which seemed to say,
"The fine old veteran has passed away."

* On the occasion of the funeral of "the Old Marine," the author being sick in bed, addressed a note to Col. Farrington, commanding the twenty-ninth regiment, requesting him to furnish a firing party. Col. Farrington promptly granted the request, and with the firing party kindly sent the Band of the regiment, although the distance exceeded a mile.

FINAL STANZA.

One word, dear brother laymen, e'er we part,
It flows believe me from an anxious heart;
We are too prone our ministers to blame,
While ours is all the fault, yes, all the shame.
Oh! let us take a charitable view,
Their sorrows many, and their toils not few;
That rapid river we have all to cross,
May we succeed without serious loss.
The God of armies with stupendous might,
Stands freely forward to "defend the right."

THE GOOD OLD CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The following lines are supposed by many to have been composed by the distinguished Bishop Cox, whose Sermons have delighted the ears, and, no doubt, reached the hearts of many of my readers. Their sentiment and sanctity will be found acceptable to the members of all Churches, high and low,—save and except to those of "no Church."

What! leave my church of England—
My Father's and my own;
What! act the viper—sting the breast,
Whereon my strength has grown;
Oh! bid me leave all else on earth—
The near and dear I've known;
But not my Church of England,
My father's and my own.

What leave my Church of England—
My glory and my pride;
Adjure the faith that Jesus taught—
She holds no faith beside.
"Upon this rock" secure she stands,
"Tho' gates of hell" assail,
For Truth Eternal spake the word—
"They never shall prevail."

My good Old Church of England,
I love her ancient name,
And God forbid this heart should feel
One throb to do her shame.
A mother she has been to me—
A mother's love has shown,
And shall I spurn a parent's arms—
A stranger's call my own?

My dear old Church of England,
I've heard the tale of blood—
Of hearts that loved thee to the death—
The great, the wise, the good.
The "Faith delivered once" they kept—
They burned, they bled, they died;
And shall their childrens children now
Be traitors at thy side?

My own dear Church of England,
The blood hath not run cold,
That cours'd like streams of liquid fire
In martyrs veins of old,
The cruel blaze their vitals fed
Hath lit another flame,
That warms the blood in every heart
Of those who love thy name.

I love my Church of England,
For she doth love my Lord;
She neither speaks nor teaches,
But from His written word:
Her voice is like my Saviour's voice—
Compassionate and kind;
She echoes all His precepts pure,
She tells me all His mind.

I love my Church of England,
For she doth lead me on
To Zion's city fair and bright,
Where Christ the Lord hath gone;
She follows in the steps of Him—
The life, the truth, the way;
The "Morning Star" to light my feet
From darkness into day.

Then here, my Church of England,
Thy child proclaims a vow,
God grant him grace to keep the pledge
That He doth witness now;
Though others leave thine arms of love,
To build their pride a throne,
My Church shall still be dear to me—
My father's and my own!

9141
.S8

REPENTANCE.

Repentance being considered by the orthodox, a *sine qua non* in the Work of Salvation,—the following anecdote teaches the danger of procrastination. In fact, "'Tis madness to delay."

A gentleman wishing to convey, together with a gentle reproof, a useful lesson to his gardener, who had neglected to prop a valuable fruit-tree, until it was damaged by a high wind, observed, "You see, gardener, the danger of putting off from day to day the doing of any necessary work; yet in this way foolish men defer their repentance from one day to another, until in some unexpected moment the wind of death comes, and blows them into eternity."

DAY OF WRATH.

The punishment awaiting the impenitent is fearfully delineated in the following beautiful Canticle, written by a Monk, more than 600 years ago. Time with his "effacing fingers" has failed to destroy the slightest portion of its interest.

"Day of wrath and consternation,
Day of fiery consummation,
Prophesied in Revelation!

Oh! what horror on all faces,
When the coming Judge each traces,
Flaming, dreadful, in all places!

Trump shall sound, and every single
Mortal slumberer's ears shall tingle,
And the dead shall rise and mingle;

All of every tribe and nation
That have lived since the creation,
Answering that dread citation.

Volume, from which nothing's blotted,
Evil done nor evil plotted,
Shall be brought, and dooms alloted.

Judge, who sits at that assizes,
Shall, deceived by no disguises,
Try each work that man devises.

How shall I, a wretch polluted,
Answer then for sins imputed,
When the just man's case is mooted?

Awful Monarch of Creation!
Saving without compensation,
Save me, Fountain of Salvation!

Lose me not then, Jesus, seeing
I am Thine by gift of being,—
Doubly Thine by price of freeing!

Thou, the Lord of Life and Glory,
Hung'st a victim, gashed and gory:
Let not all be nugatory!

Pardon Thou whose vengence smiteth,
But whom mercy most delighteth,
Ere that reck'ning day affrighteth!

As a culprit, stand I groaning,
Blushing, my demerit owning,—
Sprinkle me with blood atoning!

Thou, who Mary's sins remittedst,
And the softened Thief acquittedst,
Likewise hope to me permittedst.

Weak these prayers Thy Throne assailing;
But let grace, o'er guilt prevailing,
Save me from eternal wailing!

While the goats afar are driven,
'Mid Thy sheep me place be given,—
Blood-wash'd favorites of Heaven!

While "Depart!" shall doom and gather
Those to flame, address me rather—
"Come thou blessed of my Father!"

In my final hour, when faileth
Heart and flesh, and my cheek paleth,
Grant that succor which availeth.

Day unutterably solemn:
Crypt, and pyramid, and column,
Isle, and continent, and ocean,
Rocking with a fearful motion,
Shall give up—a countless number
Starting from their long, long slumber,
Horror stamping every feature,
While is judged each sinful creature,
End of pending controversy—
Spare Thou then, O God of Mercy!

FINIS.

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9141
tS8